

THE
Church of *England*
MARTYR.

Charles I. K of G. A

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POEM.

Inscrib'd to all *Loyal Church-Men*



Dublin : Printed by *E. Waters* in *Essex-street*.

Church of England
MAR 1791

P.O.F.M.



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T H E
Church of England MARTYR, &c.

THIS Day for solemn Sorrow set a-part,
A bleeding Sov'reign, claims a bleeding Heart :
Weep, Loyal Church-men, who the FACT abhor
For Crimes (thank Heav'n) you're not to Answer for.
Weep for the Faction, which the MARTYR slew,
WHOSE Blood is on them, and their Children too;
The Suff'ers Prayers may for them Attone,
Tho' they, *obdur'd in Sin*, remit their own.

Our Church, to warn Her still who are her Foes,
The bloody Record of Her Rubrick shews :
Rebellion claims the reddest Character,
And BLOTS two Injur'd Days from out the Year ;
One infamous for *Papists Hell-born Plot* ;
And One for that, which *Faction's Fiends* begot ;
To Twelve the CHURCH has undergone before,
Add these two bloody Persecutions more,
And Ban those *Whigs*, like some of late, who dare
Vote either out of our just Kalendar.

This Day, Great CHARLES, the best of Kings and Men
By Faction fell a Murder'd Sovereign :
Oh ! Impious Fact, and Horrible to name,
Surpassing *Cæsars Fate*, and *Brutus Shame*,
Brutus, thy Crime was One, But here a Crew,
A Race of Bastard Sons, the Nations Father slew.

A *sin so monstrous*, the advancing Sun,
 Veild with a Clou'd, abhor'd to look upon ;
 With Sable over-spread, the low'ring Sky,
 Wept o'er the *Mourners* at his Tragedy.
 Sad sight of Woe, when Nature shedeth Tears,
 And *ALL*, but *His*, *blood-thirsty Murderers* ;
 Smear'd with the *Guilt of Blood* they shed before,
 They wanted next to wade in *Royal Gore* :
 They cut the *Vein*, whence a *Red-Sea* did flow,
 Thro' which our *Israel* was *Twelve-Years* to go.
 Nor did their *Fury* with the *Father* end ;
 It must to all the *Royal Stem* descend ;
 But *Providence* stop'd here the *Traytors Hand*,
 You who have *Sons*, and strictly wou'd exact
 OBEDIENCE due, consider well the *Fact*
 The *Seed of Faction* drunk with *Hellish Rage*,
 Did first the *Realms* in *cruel Wars* Engage ;
 Then jealous that their *Father*, (griev'd at Heart,
 To see his *Sons* in *Blood*) their *Fray* wou'd part :
 Took him by *Force*. Oh, the *Affronts* he bore :
 And slew Him publicly before his *Door*.
 Advancing gradually from *Crime* to *Crime*,
 Unto the highest, *Impious Man* cou'd climb.
 If bare *Rebellion*, *Witchcraft* be defin'd,
 What is't with this *High Aggravation* join'd.

Hail *Pious Charles*! Our *Holy-Churches Pride* ;
 The first of *Kings* that for *Religion* Dy'd ;
 Had you been such, for whom they pull'd *YOU* down,
 Tyrannick Pow'r wou'd have secur'd Your *Crown* :
 But Meek, as that *Religion* You profess'd,
 Nought but th'excess of *Mercy* You possess'd,
 Cou'd have Expos'd you to those *Monster's Rage* ;
 And with the *Royal Martyr*, Crown'd the *Impious Age*.

What

What *Legion*, *Faction*, answer for your *Crime*,
 Possess'd your *Saints* at that accursed time;
 Prompted your *Bloody Hands* to act a Deed,
 Tyrants to think on wou'd not weep, but bleed?
 And what strong Charm, ye *Whigs*, cou'd veil your Eyes,
 You cou'd not see thro' their *Hypocrisies*?
 Throw off the Masque, for shame, and either own,
 You were deceiv'd, or join'd in what was done:
 Chuse which you will, for one you needs must chuse
 You stand condemn'd amongst the *STUART's* Foes,
 You cut the Banks to let the Sea o'erflow,
 And so must answer for the Spoils ensue,
 Look that his Blood be not requir'd of you.

Had *Whigs* not form'd the *Trait'rous Parliament*,
 To exclude the *Bishops*, given their *Assent*;
 Had not the *Whigs* *Rebell'd* against their King,
 And brought a *Sov'reign* to a worthless thing;
 Not levell'd with the *Coroner*, the *Crown*,
 And thrust him in a *Prison* from a *Throne*,
 Our *Charles* had ne'er by *Miscreants* been try'd,
 Nor for the *Church* so great a *Martyr* dy'd;
 That *Church* fell bleeding with him by his side.

On that *Low-Church*, from whence this *Doctrine* came
 This *Blot* shall stick to it's eternal shame
 A *Mark*, which a *Religion* shall denote,
 Reverse to that *Christ* and *St. Paul* have taught,
 To prove, were there *Occasion*, that to them
Religion serves but for a *Stratagem*.
 Tho' *Law* and *Gospel's* on the *Sov'reign's* side,
Faction dare their *Anathemas* deride;
 Rebel and slay their *Monarch*, under pain
 Of sure *Damnation*, which is all their *Gain*. Theirs

*Theirs was the loss; those Hands that pull'd him down,
 But rais'd the KING to an Immortal Crown.
 How cou'd they think on this, without a dread
 Of sudden Judgments falling on their Heads :
 That when Enthron'd Above, the Injur'd Prince
 Wou'd raise all Heaven's Pow'rs in his Defence.
 But Vengeance waits 'till they have acted all
 Their Farce of State ; and then its Terrors fall.*

*'Tis doubtful, if the Irish gave the Hint ;
 Or this was to have been their President.
 From equal Principles the Mischiefs spring,
 Both struck at our RELIGION and our KING :
 Both aim'd alike, but not with like Success ;
 Tho' This succeeding, makes not That the less.
 Rome, by Geneva, is in Plots out-done ;
 She finish'd what the former but begun :
 What one cou'd not, the other did complete,
 Subverting both Religion and the State ;
 And Forty-One must yield to Forty-Eight.
 When Hell-born Imps by Powder did combine
 To Extirpate the STUARTS Royal-Line,
 (Almighty Providence the Plot revail'd,)
 Ev'n Jesuits, those Arch-Magicians, fail'd :
 But had Fanaticks been ther'in Employ'd,
 The Mine had surely sprung, and all destroy'd.*

*Church-men be bold, dare to Assert your Right,
 And hold your Privilege in Faction's spight ;
 None but your selves have Portions in the State,
 For Bastard-Sons cannot Inherit it.
 Rouse, and Convince them for the time to come,
 You can, at pleasure, All your Rights assume :
 If with no more such bloody Days you'd Stain
 Your Rubrick, and Rebellions Hand restrain ;*

To

To act the same ne'er put it in their Power,
 Instead of Raising, thrust the *Faction* lower :
 Trust not the *pious Knaves*, who for our good
 Wou'd *Massacre* ; Do Saints *delight in Blood* ?
 Nor for Religion, *all their Jews believe* ;
 Did they not *Once* with the same *Mask deceive* ?
 With *God*, and *Laws*, their bloody *Ensigns Paint* ,
 And mocked *Satan*, with disguise of *Saint* :
Impious Attempt ! a *Blot to Nero's Times*,
 To make ev'n *God* *Confederate in their Crimes*.
 The *Jews*, in their *Defence*, have more to say ;
THESE *knew not what they did* : *Not so did THEY*.
 Broke thro' all *Oaths*, to *God* and *Man* they gave,
 To act a *SIN*, which shou'd no *Rival have*.
 Those, for our *Safety*, *whom an Oath can't bind*,
 Shou'd be in *Chains of Government confin'd* :
Restrain'd to limits ; for like *Beasts of Prey*,
 No longer than they're *shackl'd*, will *Obey*.

One *DAY* at least, your *Thoughts* this way employ ,
 What brings you *Sorrow*, gives the *Faction Joy* ;
 Think that you see your *KING* before your *Eyes* ,
 By *Savage Traitors*, made a *Sacrifice* :
Laws and Religion gasping in the *Isle*,
 And brought to light the *Monarch's Fun'ral Pile*.
 Then think if you cou'd bear to see it now ;
 And if you cou'd, the *Factions Crimes* avow :
 But if you cannot gen'rously resent
 Their *fatal meddling* in the *GOVERNMENT* ;
 Continue, not to listen to their *Lies*,
 But let *One Martyr*, of His *LINE*, suffice.

A circular ink stamp from the British Museum. The words "BRITISH" and "MUSEUM" are curved along the top and bottom edges respectively. In the center, the date "9 JUL 55" is stamped.

REIMB

